The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Dody and his Friends.

A STORY IN FIVE PARTS.

III.

NOW Horace Snow was in College, and being also the oldest child, was greatly revered by the younger members of the family. They regarded him a miracle of learning and eloquence, for he could spout verses in four different languages, rattle off technical terms without a single stutter, and even argue with his own grandfather in a manner wonderful to hear. This adoration and admiration was very acceptable to Horace, and he took care that it should never decrease for want of fuel to keep it burning. He had heard of Dody, as had every member of the Snow family, and no little interest he felt in the friendless boy, and had very fine schemes in his head concerning the "little fellow." He would undertake his education, would lead him through the mazy paths of letters, the intricacies of mathematics, the wide-spread fields of philosophy, and above all impregnate his mind with no little respect for Horatio G. Snow, Jr.

Imbued with this idea he led Pansie into Dody's room, and with an indistinct thought to the effect that he would gain his friendship before "impregnating his mind," etc., he extended his hand and said, as heartily as his rather stiff manners would allow: "How are you, my boy?" in imitation of his grandfather's brisk and cheerful way.

"It's my buver Horace," explained Pansie.

Now Horace had imagined a puny, feeble, shrinking lad, with mild blue eyes, freckled face, and a general air of meekness; so what was his surprise to see a pair of shoulders broader than his own, and a handsomely shaped head resting against the pillow, two coal black eyes steadily and coolly regarding him, while the hand that grasped his, could have crushed it to jelly.

Dody inherited great physical strength, which had been well developed by his life of labor and exercise, and compared with slender, studious Horace, was quite a little giant, though half a head shorter; and though his face was pale and worn, his large features, bright eyes and fine forehead gave him an appearance of greater intellectuality than he possessed, and which had deceived even Miss Mallie. If he had had Horace's advantages, who knows but he might have been a "shining light" himself? As it was, Horace was utterly nonplussed. "Why! the boy could eat me alive," was his mental comment.

"I am quite well, I thank you. Hope I see you well," replied Dody, who was cultivating his politeness to a remarkable degree,

"And how is that leg?" asked Horace, bringing up a chair.

"Better, thank you," said Dody, briefly.

Dody's pride had taken alarm; he felt intuitively that Horace had come to patronize him, and he was not to be patronized by anybody.

Now it must be confessed that, under the circumstances, Dody ought to have been very humble and grateful, and all that sort of thing; but there was a vein of obstinacy in his nature which made him feel very uncomfortable under

all the favors which were being heaped upon him. He knew that he could never repay the kindness of the Doctor and Miss Mallie. He knew that the Doctor was too much of a Christian gentleman to let any one suffer who had been injured by his means, and believed that from a sense of duty he was doing all he could for him; and he was in a hurry to get well and go away that his burden of debt might not grow any heavier, and now here was a young gentleman come to show him how very thankful he ought to be, and how greatly he was under obligations to his benefactors.

There was not much response in his manner to Horace's usually friendly greeting, though he did put on all his politeness. Horace, who was not such a conceited fellow after all, but, unless he could utterly overwhelm with his grandeur, was quite a good boy, felt what was in Dody's mind, and instead of commencing a long lecture on the importance of learning, and the great advantages Dody was to derive from the course of instruction with which he was about to honor him, as had been his intention, he hesitated and stammered, trying to introduce the subject delicately, and, as luck would have it, blundered into expressing it in the most direct way possible.

"I came over to—that is Aunt Mallie offered —I mean—Pansie said you couldn't read and I thought I would try to help you about reading some of the books Mallie has bought you," and Pansie looked on in astonishment to see Horatio G. Snow, Jr., cough and blush.

"He is in tollege and knows every sing," said she apologetically and explanatorially.

It happened that it was the best way after all, for Dody was not fitted either by nature or by training to appreciate too much delicacy, or concealment of intention, and seeing Horace's embarrassment realized that he was in earnest in his wish to aid, so did all in his power to set the awkward young gentleman at his ease again.

"Thank you," said he. That phrase came in nearly every sentence these days. "I don't know very much, for I couldn't go to school very often, and didn't study more'n half the time when I did go, but I would like to learn, if you will trouble yourself to teach me."

So it happened that the interview which began so inauspiciously ended in a long talk, instructional, confidential, and altogether social, and when Miss Mallie returned, she found Horace propounding questions at the top of his voice, Dody shouting the names of the Eastern States in stentorian tones, while Pansie was frantically endeavoring to rival each.

"Mercy sakes! has my aristocratic, prim, sublime nephew suddenly gone mad?" thought Mallie, as she quieted the uproar and packed the Snows off home. Horace had never in all his life before been known to make such a noise, and Miss Mallie smiled as she thought that perhaps these two boys, so opposite in disposition and habits, might help each other more than either suspected.

There was one more member of the family of Snows to be introduced to Dody before he left the sick room, that was "Cad," or "Callie," "Quicksilver," or "Flutterbudget," otherwise Miss Clara Snow, a young lady of ten summers, a "romp," a "tom-boy," a "scamp," a generous, impulsive, warm-hearted girl, whom one minute was petted and the next reproved.

Horace described his visit to Dody, and Cad was captivated by his description of the boy, his ignorance, his boyish beauty, and his bravery in bearing the application of hot liniments to his leg, for Horace had staid to see it dressed, and, to his eternal shame, nearly fainted at the sight of the black and blue, crushed and mangled limb.

Callie spent the evening collecting books and pictures, curiosities and playthings with which to amuse him, and if it had been possible would have placed everything in the house at his disposal.

The next morning while Dr. Andrews and Miss Mallie were at breakfast, she bounced into Dody's room with a market-basket full of treasures, and, turning it upside down on the bed, gave an emphatic "There!" then stood back to take a look at the unfortunate victim of her liberality.

Nothing could arouse Dody out of that calm dignity, which nonplussed even the good doctor; so he looked back with the unwavering stare of his big eyes, which was peculiar to him, and "which made a fellow feel so sort of uncomfortable," as Horace had said.

Cad was undaunted, however, and having finished her inspection, proceeded to plant herself on the foot of the bed, with her knees drawn up to her chin, giving Dody's leg an awful thump during the process, then demanded that he tell her about the ships and sailors.

"For," said she, "I intend to go to sea my-

self, sometime, and I would like to get a little instruction first."

Then thinking some sort of an introduction necessary, she exclaimed: "Guess who I am!"

"Dody grinned and replied, "O, I know who you are," for Miss Mallie had whiled away many a weary hour when he could not rest because of the pain, by accounts of Cad's pranks and mishaps, and it was not easy to mistake her for another.

"Well, fire away, then. What is a 'marlinspike?'"

Having got a foundation on which to commence, Dody entertained her and himself until school time.

"Caddie has found a companion after her own heart," said Mallie to her father, after a trip to Dody's room to see what was the matter, for she had heard his voice ringing out like a gong, but found that he was only showing Cad how they hailed ships at sea, so she wisely retreated.

The doctor threw back his head and laughed until tears stood in his eyes.

"I imagine there is great fun in Dody, and wont there be mischief when he gets down stairs? I shall enjoy watching it go on."

Miss Mallie shook her head; she rather dreaded the experiment.

"Oh! don't you fear," for the doctor understood Mallie's idea, "Dody has too much dignity to cut up very bad pranks. I think he will restrain Cad even when they are jolliest. There is no flashy-washy about Dody; he is true gold, I assure you."

Dear Dr. Andrews was beginning to think Dody a perfect miracle of patience, forbearance, and everything else that boys never are; even though he recognized his capacity for raising an uproar.

"I am afraid there is a season of broken mirrors, vases, and windows, if not broken heads, before us," sighed Mallie.

"O dear, don't worry, you were young once, yourself. Do you remember the time when you got your mother's silver salver, and going to the balcony playing you were the 'German Band,' pounding with a bronze vase upon the salver for a drum, and 'tooting' away like steam engine, for cornet?"

"Yes, I remember, and I also remember being shut in my room the next time the German Band did play, while you all went off to the Common," replied Mallie, laughing.

Now it must be confessed that naughty Cad was not so *very* different from what her Aunt Mallie had been in her girlhood; and it must also be confessed that Aunt Mallie did not feel half the severity she expressed toward her wayward niece, so although she shook her head and sighed, as was becoming and proper, her eyes twinkled mischievously as she thought of the larks soon coming, and Cad and Dody were not in so much danger of having their sport spoiled, as one would imagine from that conversation between Mallie and her father.

It was fully six weeks before Dody was well enough to go down stairs, for he would keep surreptitiously trying his strength by walking a few steps and getting a "pull-back" as the doctor said.

In the meanwhile Horace taught, Pansie petted, and Cad amused him, while Mallie took care of him, and the doctor prescribed for him, so taking it all together he had a very pleasant time, for, as no one thought of him as a burden, no one manifested any feelings but cordiality and friendship.

The rebellious feeling was all gone, but he still passed some very unhappy moments, for he realized that he was becoming very much attached to this pleasant home and its jolly inmates, and he shuddered at the dreary prospect before him when he should be able to go, even while he longed for the time to come when the load of obligation should be growing no heavier.

Intercourse with cultivated and refined people was having its unconscious effect upon him, for though so strong and loud, there was nothing coarse or low about our Dody. All the polishing in the world would never make him as ceremonious and elegant as Horace, but at the same time any number of years of street life could never degenerate him into the rough and tumble rowdy so often met in our large cities.

Six weeks had made quite a change in our hero, for having little to do except study and observe, he had learned a great deal besides States and Territories, and was a very different boy from the one who sat on the steps of the hospital so short a time since, and Mallie marked his improvement with a rejoicing heart.

Eva B. Miller.

PERHAPS it would be dangerous for us to possess the abilities we covet; it is always safe to consecrate those we have.

For the Myrtle.

"A Court Beauty."

EVER since I had read in "Jumping Joan" beneath the picture of a cat dressed up with hat and feathers, a tippet, a short skirt, and a fan, the lines

Here is pussy dressed out
Like a lady so gay!
She is going to Court,
If she finds but the way,"

I had been very desirous of seeing some "real,

alive" lady under similar circumstances, and the opportunity for doing so at last arrived.

The present Countess of Charlmont — when Miss Somerville — always showed a kind interest in me, and brought me presents of the most delightfully entertaining books, some of which had belonged to her as a child, and whenever I went to her house she opened for my inspection a number of Morocco or Russia bound cases, the size of small trunks, with velvet lined trays containing diadems, earrings, necklets, pendants, bracelets, rings, and other ornaments of magnificent diamonds, rubies, emeralds, opals, sapphires, pearls, and every other variety of precious stone, exquisitely cut cameos, enamellings, mosaic and filigree work, and innumerable other beautiful and costly objects of "bijouterie," though nothing pleased me so much as a breast-pin with a parrot enamelled in many colors with ruby eyes, that Queen Victoria had given her, a gold bracelet with a little monkey perched on it that she termed "that respectable young person!" and a small gold horse-shoe brooch that she gave me.

One day, then, when she was to attend the Queen's "drawing-room," she sent an invitation to me to come and see her dressed. Her father, Sir William Somerville, was then Secretary of State for Ireland, and I believe that it was his state carriage that was waiting at the door when we arrived at the house, and the coachman and footman with their powdered heads, fresh bouquets, and handsome livery, were altogether very gay looking.

But how can I give a correct idea of the superb appearance of Miss Somerville? Her complexion was clear white and red, her eyes dark blue, with dark lashes, her hair was dark and silky, and she had fine teeth.

Her Court dress was of gold-colored silk, with fine old lace, and her train, that was very long and looped up here and there with bunches of cherries and tulips, was thrown over one arm. Her ornaments were of diamonds and pearls, and her headdress was composed of a diadem, long white ostrich plume, and lace lappets. She seemed to me almost too beautiful to be a mere mortal, though I was too bashful to tell her so, and making believe that my mamma was the Queen, Miss Somerville showed me how she was to kiss the Queen's hand, and courtesy herself backwards out of "the presence," without entangling herself in the folds of her train, and as she moved, her diamonds sparkled like dew-drops in the sun.

Miss Lowe, her governess, or "Lowey" as she affectionately called her, was a lady of very strict religious principles, who never spoke or wrote of anything that she herself or any one else intended doing, without adding the words "the Lord permitting," or "with the Lord's blessing," and such sentences would sometimes occur as often as a dozen times in one letter. Miss Lowe always dressed very plainly, too, in black, although her collar and cuffs were of the whitest and finest, and therefore I very much wondered whether she considered that these splendors and gaieties were "pomps and vanities." As Miss Lowe wore her hair perfectly plain, I thought of this more particularly on one occasion, when a fashionable hair-dresser was in attendance to give Miss Somerville's lady's-maid a lesson in arranging hair in a variety of fanciful styles. First he made Miss Somerville's hair as flat as possible, rolled it under behind, and tied it with a pink ribbon, "a la Jeanne D'Arc," then he undid it again, and looped it up with strings of pearls, and a camelia low down on one side; another way was with the hair over the forehead drawn tightly back, and fluffy side curls, as in pictures of Charles the Second's time; and again another way was with a diamond band round the head, and the back hair twisted in coils "a la Grecque." But with curls all round she looked like the charming portrait taken of her when a child, in a book of engravings entitled, "Children of the Nobility," where she was represented with a half laughing, half shy expression, and her hair in clustering curls, except where she had cut one close off, and the hair had grown out in a tuft over the forehead,—standing on tiptoe to reach the keys of a piano. This picture had become so popular, that copies of it might be seen everywhere, even upon plates and dishes!

Miss Lowe was very precise in all her doings. One day, when warm and thirsty from walking in the sun, I had asked Miss Somerville for a glass of water, and she had proposed my having an orange instead, as she thought that cold water would not be safe for me to drink. Miss Lowe rang for the footman, and when he made his appearance. told him to bring up some oranges for me, and after drawing out a table he hastened away, but I, growing more and thirsty, thought it a terribly long while to wait till he returned and had arranged on the table a silver tray,

knlfe and fork, dessert plate and napkin, finger glass and doyley, a silver epergne containing the oranges, and a silver sugar bowl, sugar sifter, and receptacle for the peel. Even after that I had to wait, for when the footman had placed a chair for me, and Miss Lowe had tucked the napkin round my neck, she offered to prepare my orange for me, and then slowly and delicately she drew off the peel, and scraped away every particle of the white inner skin, lest inadvertently I should swallow it, and after separating each segment of the orange, she carefully extracted every seed, and after sprinkling it with sugar the orange was at last ready. But somehow or other I did not enjoy it very much, and whi'e I was eating it I gradually came to the conclusion that I now knew what "pomp and vanity" really meant, and that it was having great, tall, solemn-looking footmen dressed in livery, to wait upon you, and keep you waiting; and eating oranges in state, when you would much rather simply quarter them, or suck out the juice.

Clelia Lega Weeks.

The Strayed Hen Brought Home.

THE speckled hen is found at last
That was so long away!
And she had a hidden nest of eggs,
And they were hatched to-day.

Tom took a basket to the wood
All covered with a net.
And brought the little chickens home
For Sue and Sam to pet.

The hen will guard her chickens well
With beak and claws and wings,
And show her anger if she thinks
You hurt the little things.

And with her large and spreading wings
She covers them at night:
They nestle close beneath her breast,
And sleep till it is light.

Who taught the hen to sit so long
Upon her quiet nest?
Who taught her how to feed her young,
And warm them with her breast?

The world's a very busy place;
And beasts and birds and men
Have all their share of work to do,
Just like the mother-hen.

God teaches all to do their work;
And from his heaven above
He smiles on those who do it well,—
With patience, care, and love.

— *Chatterbox.*

How to Put Away our Faults.

One day I was watching a great Newfoundland dog. He had been told by his master to fetch him a basket of tools that the gardener had left in the shed. The great dog went to obey his young master. He took hold of the basket with his mouth, but he could not lift it. What did he do? Give it up? No never! One by one he took the things out of the basket and carried them to his master.

One by one! That is what we must try to do with our faults. Try and get rid of them one by one. Jesus knows how hard it is for you to do this, and so he has given you a word that will help you to do it, and that word is "To-day."

I will show you how. Take one fault — we will call it bad temper — and in the morning, when you get out of bed, ask God for Christ's sake to help you "to-day" to overcome that bad temper. Perhaps by-and-by something will begin to make you feel angry; then remember your prayer, and try and drive away the angry feeling and say, "Not to-day."

If you have learned any bad, wicked words, like some poor children in the street who do not know any better, then ask God for Christ's sake to help you to-day; then, when you are tempted to do so, remember, "Not to-day; I will not say wicked words to-day."

And do the same with all your faults. Take them one by one, and try for one whole day not to give way to them. It will come much easier then.

O YOU in whose bounding veins young life yet lingers, and you in the full beauty and vigor of manhood, respect the aged. Speak gently, hush the rude laugh, check the idle jest, listen to the wisdom which is the voice of experience. Cheer him with kindly words, encircle him with your strong arm, and lead him as he descends the western hill of life, the shadows deepening into night — the white hairs upon his temples already drifting in the cool breeze which comes up from the valley of death.

"O PAPA!" said a little chap, the other day, as he came home from school, "I am next to head!"

"Ah! and how many are in the class, Freddy?"

"*Two!*"

The Children's Meeting.

The proper thing to tell the children this week is all about the Children's Meeting of Anniversary Week held in the Columbus Avenue church on Wednesday, May 27. This meeting has been held for many years at Tremont Temple, with the exception of one or two years at Music Hall; so that even so large a church as this seemed a small place in which to hold it. The day was delightful, and long before 3 o'clock wagon-loads and car-loads of children had come from the neighboring Sunday Schools, so that when the schools filed in, it looked as if there would be no room for any other audience. But room there was, and every body at last found a seat or standing room in the spacious church, on the platform or in the galleries. And a beautiful sight it was when all were seated, for the whole center of the church was filled with little ones all a-flutter with expectation, as gay and bright as a garden of rosebuds. The altar and platform were finely decorated with flowers, of rarer quality than is usual on these occasions. High over the altar at its back was a cross of flowers laid in green leaves. The edge of the platform in front of the speakers was adorned with bouquets and baskets of flowers. From the altar depended wreaths of smilax; at the corners hung stars of solid white pinks out from which stood tea-rosebuds, while in the center was a large wreath, woven of the most exquisite flowers. On the baptismal font at one side sat a floral harp, with wreaths of smilax All these beautiful adornings added to the festal atmosphere of the occasion.

The singing was not only by the children but by all present; and as the tunes were familiar they were sung with great zest. After the first hymn, prayer was offered by Rev. E. C. Sweetzer, of New York, and a few opening remarks by Vice President Henry D. Williams, who presided, introduced the first speaker, Rev. J. Smith Dodge, Jr., of Stamford, Conn. Instead of preaching a little sermon to the children he told them a story; or rather he preached them a sermon *in* a story. I thought I would write out the story for the readers of the MYRTLE, as nearly as I could remember it, but after writing four large solid pages, I find the story is only just begun, and there would be no possible room for it, — so I have stopped. I don't know but it would fill a whole MYRTLE full, and more, for it was over a half-hour long, the story-teller talking about as fast as he could. And then I don't know what those people would say to it, who don't believe in telling children about fairies and giants and dreadful things that never happened. So it is as well, perhaps, to let it go. I will only say that it was to tell you what the matter is when everything in the world goes wrong, and how you are to remedy it. And it was all about a king who had everything that heart could wish and had three hundred and seventy-nine servants to do his bidding, and yet could get nothing done as he wished it and was plagued and tormented nearly out of his life. He thought his servants sick, and bewitched and in a conspiracy against him, and tried remedies for all; but nothing did any good; things continually grew worse. Then he promised ten cities to whoever would show him what was the matter. And at last his servants said that a young man said that somebody else said if he would go to a great queen who lived across the seas she would tell him. And he sailed across the seas to the great queen and she decided that he had a crook in his own back, and then she had that straightened. Although it hurt him, yet he went back home a wiser king and was happy ever after.

When Mr. Dodge had all the children straightened, and taught them by his story how much better it is to look on the right side of life, Rev. T. E. St. John of Worcester made a brief talk to them about the "leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." He told them it was the kingdom of heaven that was likened to leaven, and the kingdom of heaven is love in the heart. After our lives are straightened so that we are ready to live right, then we want this little force in the heart which like the yeast in the housekeeper's bread, will keep working all the time. And it will work like the leaven, — from within, outward — silently — a little at a time — till the whole life becomes light and sweet, filled with the same beautiful spirit of love.

After this address the following hymn, written for the occasion by Prof. B. F. Tweed of Charlestown, was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

The rivulet sends forth glad sounds.
The birds with rapture sing;
All nature's germs, instinct with life,
Welcome the joyous spring.
Beneath the sod, the quickened seed
Is struggling for the day,
Cherished by nature's smiles and tears.
Beneath a sky of May.

Each tender bud of promise yearns
To burst in opening flower,
And pour its fragrance on the air
In a refreshing shower.
Life, light, and beauty, everywhere
The new-waked landscape shows,
And in each gentle, balmy breeze,
Spring's kindly spirit glows.

And shall not we, — the buds of hope,
Nourished in love's sweet bowers,
Strive with a nobler purpose still
Than mute, unconscious flowers?
Shall not our voice ascend to Heaven,
And sweeter chorals raise
Than rivulet or warbling bird. —
Tuning our Maker's praise?

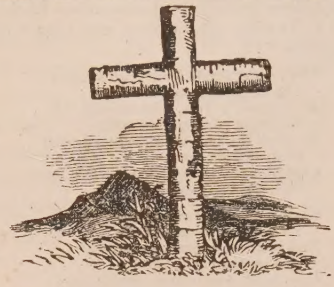
Yes, fathers, mothers, friends, the love
Which unto us is given,
Kindles in us a sacred flame
Whose incense reaches Heaven.
The bud which blooms in earthly homes,
Warmed by parental love,
Shall yield its yellow, ripened fruit
In the bright world above.

Rev C. W. Biddle of Lynn was the third and last speaker. He has spoken so frequently to the children that they always know something bright and interesting is coming, and so are very sharp to listen. He added to what the others had said, that children as well as others should be careful to live right in order that they may exert the right influence in the world. He compared their influence to an echo, and told some funny stories about echoes, as for instance of the boy who found the echo on Boston Common, and said that when he called "How do you do?" the echo would answer "Pretty well, I thank you." Also of a dog of his who on one of their visits to the mountains found an echo, and would go out and bark just where the echo would bark back again, and there the dog would bark and the echo would bark, and so they "held a responsive service." The point was — just such an echo will come back as you send out, good or bad. He also said that we should be sure to follow the right leaders, and under that head told what I heard called the funniest story of the week. It was about a man who went out into the pasture to find his cow, and could not find her anywhere. Only the bell had dropped from her neck, and that he picked up and put in his pocket as he hunted. Being absent-minded he forgot all about it; and after hunting awhile without success he heard what he thought was her bell tinkling away off

in one direction. He hurried that way and turning to look after her, heard the bell ring another way. So he kept on hour after hour, following that bell now here now there, but never finding the cow until he got home to find that his cow had been there five or six hours, and that he had been following the bell in his own pocket! The bell was *not* a good leader. We are not to follow any bells that we have dropped into our own pockets; but there is a bell in the heart — an alarm-bell — the *conscience*, the sense of right, that it is always safe to follow.

After this delightful talk, the meeting closed with another original hymn to the tune of "America."

The addresses were all brief as well as interesting, the exercises were all spirited, the day though warm was not oppressive, and the children after paying the best attention went home unwearied and full of delight. Scarcely ever have we had a more enjoyable children's meeting.



The Cure by Faith.

We are now near the time when the children of Israel, after wandering so many years in the wilderness, entered into the promised land. Indeed they would have entered directly from the South but that here dwelt the warlike people of Edom, descendants of Esau, who would not let them pass through their country, but came out against them "with much people and with a strong hand." So they had to go by a more winding course, around this hostile country.

When they reached Mount Hor a sad event occurred which made mourning in the camp of Israel for many days. The venerable high-priest Aaron, who was not to be allowed to enter the Promised Land with them, died on this mountain. Feeling his end drawing near, he went with his brother Moses and his son Eleazer up into the mountain, and there the robes of his priestly office were taken from him by Moses and put upon his son; by this simple act was Eleazer appointed to be high-priest in his father's stead. And Aaron died, and was buried in this mountain.

The people had a long journey towards the Red Sea, to "compass," that is, to go around this land of Edom, and again they were troubled in the desert with hunger and thirst. They loathed the manna which they had to eat, and murmured again in the old, old manner, Why did ye bring us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness. They were bitten also by the "fiery," that is, poisonous serpents that infest that country. We are told that the Lord sent these serpents; but we are only to suppose that he sent them as he sends all troubles. His hand is to be seen in everything that happens to his children.

But the Israelites were discouragad and heart-sick, and had lost faith in God, as they had done so many times before. Probably many of them died more from this feeilng than from the poison; because they had not the courage and cheerfulness and faith to rally and get well. Their faith in God must be brought back.

So the Lord commanded Moses to make a serpent of brass, that all who looked upon it might live. This reminds us of the time, so many years before, when they fought with Amalek, and Moses held up the rod of the Lord in their sight. When the rod was held up they conquered; when it sank down they failed. The difference was not in the rod; it was not in the serpent; but it was in their *feelings*. The rod and the serpent were the symbols of God's presence and power. When they believed in *that*, they at once became strong to resist foes without and foes within. It was the cure of *faith*.

There was another meaning to them in the brazen serpent. In Egypt, the country where they had lived so long, and whose idols they had worshipped, the serpent was the symbol of royalty, and kingly power. The Pharaohs wore serpents made of jewels on their crowns, as the sign of their royal office. Cleopatra had bracelets of golden serpents, and chose her death by a serpent because it was the sacred symbol of royalty. We read in figurative language that when Moses stood before Pharaoh the rod of the Lord became a serpent, and although the rods of the king's magicians were serpents, Moses' rod was stronger and swallowed them all. I think that simply means that Moses' rod was the symbol of a power greater than that of Pharaoh.

So when Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness it was like lifting up the standard of the king. God was their unseen King and Ruler, and the serpent was the symbol of his power. Looking upon it, not simply with the eyes of sense, but with the eyes of the soul, their faith and trust were brought back to them, and they were healed of all their troubles. There was no magic in the serpent. The "miracle," that is, the wonder, was the ceaseless wonder of God's power and love, that they who look to him shall live.

We are now prepared to know what Jesus meant when in his talk to Nicodemus, who came to him not daring to believe, he said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He came to reveal the Father; to be the witness and symbol of the invisible God. He saves us only as he makes us believe in this invisible Father and Friend, in his constant presence and help. "His name shall be called Emanuel, God with us—" said the prophet; that is his mission was to teach us that God is with us. As he is lifted up before our eyes, this truth is also lifted up, — that God is our leader and king and protector; that he is forever with us, though unseen to mortal eyes, that he will care for us, and suffer not a hair of our head to fall without his notice; and that we are to trust Him in all things. Believing in Him, trusting Him, and doing His will, we are saved. Christ has been lifted up in the world, even as this brazen symbol of God's power was lifted in the wilderness, that we might thus believe and trust, and be saved.

The brazen serpent was kept sacredly by the Israelits for seven hundred years. But when they lapsed away into idolatry and worshipped things which they could see, because their faith in the unseen God had grown weak, they burned incense to this brazen symbol and worshipped it instead of worshipping God. And the good and pious king Hezekiah who destroyed all their other idols broke this in pieces, because he would not have his people use even this sacred relic to violate the second commandment.

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